

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## PETER PAN IS A SOLDIER

If we live to be a hundred we shall not forget the bitterness of these days, yet surely there will be mingled with it all a solemn pride that we have lived through an age unparalleled in history.

It is the greatest hour since Life began that has come to us. It is upon our lives that the decision must rest whether all the travail of the ages, all that men have struggled for and won in the long trail through the centuries, shall be worth while, or whether mankind shall be flung back to the abyss. It is by his own powers that man has raised himself from the level of the beasts of the field. By the Spirit of God within him he has risen from the depths to the sublime heights on which he has become partner with God in the building up of His kingdom on the earth.

### To Pay Our Country Back

And now, when it seemed that the millenium was almost in his grasp, his powers have been challenged and the very earth trembles beneath his feet. One nation in Europe has returned to the Barbarism from which man has emerged, and while the others slept has menaced the foundations of their being.

It is the startling incredibility of it all, the sudden overwhelming of civilised lives by a mechanical savagery which we can only compare with wolves and crocodiles, that has put in peril all that matters on this earth. Something has summoned all our innermost powers, all our secret strength, to the greatest battlefield the world has ever known. It is ours to say whether the world shall be worth living in or whether it shall be made a wilderness fit only for Nazis.

Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour, we may say with Rupert Brooke. We who owe to our country all that we have and are have now a chance to pay her something back, and even Peter Pan has become a soldier. The boy Barrie chose for his model of the spirit of youth and delight has taken up arms. We have only to think of that to understand why all the humane world is with us. Of course we loathe war. We know too well the folly and the tragedy of its destruction, and there is nothing on the face of the earth that we detest so much—except the injustice that makes war possible. But we know in our hearts that, as death may be more honourable than life, so war may be more honourable than peace. Though we love the quiet life, we are no idlers, no cowards. No race has worked harder than ours; no race has fought more gallantly against great odds. If we say it of ourselves it is only because the whole world knows that freedom has been won on the battlefields of England's sons.

### The Nazi Dream of Life

Why is it that Peter Pan is a soldier? Why is it that, surrendering the world of delight that he was born in, he has gone out in the teeth of peril and death?

It is because there is no kingdom of delight for any Peter Pan who comes into the world unless the evil things we fight against are utterly destroyed. The Nazi dream of life is the Zulu's dream of life; it has thrown Europe back in the middle of the 20th century to where Africa stood at the beginning of the 19th. It was a wilderness, and in one of the fairest parts of it roamed millions of natives whom civilisation had passed by.

After the Napoleon wars ended in Europe there came into Zululand a king after Hitler's own

heart, Chaka. Until his brother murdered him he trampled down the earth as Hitler does. He armed the Zulus with assegais and protected them with shields. He gave the assegais longer and sharper blades. He drilled his men like Nazi robots and trained them to slay whoever came across their path. He destroyed women and children and old men, but young men he kept to fight his wars. He exterminated tribes and terrorised whole populations into flight. When brother Dingaana murdered him, Dingaana did the same. He was more after Hitler's heart than Chaka, for he entered into peaceful agreements to put the enemy off his guard and two days after slew him. He slew the Dutch leader Pieter Retief and six hundred Dutch to whom he had offered peace.

THERE was no more terrible living force in Africa than this Zulu host with their assegais, until the Dutchmen found rifles and one day met the assegai men and strewed the fields with thousands of their dead, so that Dingaana set his kraal on fire and ran into the Bush to hide among wild beasts.

### Victory or the Nazi Whip

It is an ugly picture of the way South Africa has come, but it is a true picture of the way Europe would go if the Nazis were to win the war. It would be the Zulu impis over again, the rule of the assegai and the poisoned arrow in all our fair cities, in all our peaceful villages. It is the naked truth that the choice for us is Victory or the murder of everything worth having in the world. Do we like our own way of life, our rare little country with all its loveliness, our heritage with all its pride, our people with all their kindness, our liberty to do as we will, go where we will, say what we will—or would we rather be under the lash of a whip and the threat of the Zulu assegai?

The world has made its choice—much of it too late to help itself, so that a dozen countries are trampled down, or starved, or set on fire, or blotted out, and Europe is a wilderness with

## When the Hour Strikes For a People

THE deeds of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries.

Sometimes it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change.

George Bancroft

pestilence and famine stalking through the streets; but it has fallen to us to see our race proudly holding back the barbaric hosts and saving liberty. It is an impressive spectacle that must thrill us all as long as we remain alive.

Some of us will be too old and too poor to enjoy the peaceful years that will come, but for all of us will be the glory of knowing that when the world was fighting to be free we were there.

### The Glory For All

For all of us is the glory of knowing that, when the powers of evil assailed mankind and overthrew Europe with its institutions of freedom and ordered government, our island race refused to bow the knee to Baal and held on till the greatest nation on the earth came to our side. For all of us is the glory of knowing that, though nation after nation fell, though disaster after disaster came, though our little streets were battered and bombed and burned, though our holy places fell and our fine buildings reeled, our people stood like granite rock and did not flinch. For all of us is the glory of knowing that in enduring this ordeal by fire we strengthen the foundation of all good things and leave the world better and safer than we found it.

It will never be possible again for strong nations to sleep while the enemy sows the dragon's teeth that will tear them to pieces. It will never be possible again for free peoples to be thrown into slavery. Liberty will be set on the rock of justice, guarded by the sleepless sentinels of the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is for this that Peter Pan has become a soldier, for this that he has sacrificed the life of peace to face the fields of death. Well he knows that, soon or late, happiness will come again, and he will look back on this great hour and say:

*Is it so small a thing to have enjoyed the sun,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done,  
And to have beaten down baffling foes?*

Arthur Mee



A Rider on the Downs



## The Dramatic Rise of India's Population

### PEOPLING BRITAIN IN TEN YEARS

A LEADING authority on India, Sir Alfred Watson, has lately said that the biggest problem facing the British Commonwealth is India's mounting birth-rate. The new census will show a population beyond the 400 million mark. Presently it will be recognised, Sir Alfred writes, that these figures, representing living men and women of the British Commonwealth, are among the startling facts of history, and, incidentally, present Empire statesmanship with a problem that might well prove beyond its powers to solve.

In the ten years since 1931 there has been a growth of over fifty million people, more than the total population of the British Isles. It would take this country more than a century to match these figures.

The country grows no bigger. The same number of acres have to provide food for an ever-growing number of mouths—yet that statement is perhaps not quite true, as the vast irrigation schemes have rescued millions of acres from desert and

made them fertile land. These new acres, however, do not escape the population problem; their prosperity induces more and more people to settle on them, and with the bigger numbers, there is less individual prosperity. Do what the engineer may, he cannot add to the fertile land of India at the rate at which the population grows. He is always outpaced.

How to raise or maintain the level of subsistence in face of a growth of population of fifty millions in ten years is, Sir Alfred Watson says in summing up the position, a nightmare problem. Even if India should reduce its extremely high birth-rate, there would remain a population of 400 millions asking that its standard of life should be improved. Emigration is a possible solution, and the Indian makes a good colonist, but unhappily his low standard of living has not made him too welcome in other lands. As things are moving, the problem appears to be one for Indian rather than British statesmen.

## A Poem to be Cut in Two

### FRENCH LESSON FOR DR GOEBBELS

All France chuckled with glee when they read this poem in the Nazi-controlled Paris-Soir the other night.

AIMONS et admirons le Chancelier Hitler  
L'éternelle Angleterre est indigne de vivre  
Maudissons et écrasons le peuple d'outre-mer  
Le Nazi, sur la terre sera seul à survivre.  
Soyons donc le soutien du Führer allemand  
Des boys navigateurs finira l'Odyssée;  
A eux seuls appartient un juste châtiment  
La palme du vainqueur attend la Croix gammée.

Reading the poem even Dr Goebbels might pat himself on the back for inspiring such a piece of admiration, but when it is cut in half from top to bottom it reads:

Let us love and admire	Chancellor Hitler
Eternal England	Is not worthy to live
Curse and wipe out	The people across the sea
Nazidom on earth	Will be the sole survivor.
Let us then support	The German Führer
The seafaring boys	Will finish the Odyssey;
To them alone belongs	A fitting punishment
The palm of victory	Awaits the Swastika.

## Kagawa of Tokyo

Toyohiko Kagawa, the well-known Christian leader of Japan, visited America in May for a few weeks, and a journalist who had seen him in Tokyo last year, shortly before he was imprisoned, reports that the imprisonment evidently affected him deeply.

Kagawa was in prison for only a month, but during that time he had to explain his faith for hours each day to unfriendly cross-examiners, as the police were suspicious about Christian doctrine.

Kagawa said the spirit abroad in Japan at present had meant that the income from his novels had fallen greatly, and that fewer people came to hear him speak. The Christian Church was really suffering persecution, in spite of the fact that it has become united and is dispensing with all foreign leadership and financial assistance.

## AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

High hopes are raised by Mr Herwald Ramsbotham, our progressive President of the Board of Education, when he boldly speaks of educational reform after the War. His programme goes to the heart of the matter:

1. The school leaving age to be raised to 15 without exemptions of any sort.

2. Day Continuation Schools to be set up for those beginning work at 15.

3. Secondary education for every child from 11, with thorough reform of the secondary schools.

This is the road to that equality of opportunity which becomes a democracy.

£1 of his £3 weekly income is being regularly given for the war by an old Canadian living in a logcabin in British Columbia.

## Little News Reels

It is said that, owing to people's reluctance to give up coupons for wool, 100,000 fewer comforts are being knitted for the Forces every week.

Over 20,000 keys have been collected in connection with Paddington Council's salvage campaign for a "mile of keys."

Red Cross radio competitions held by the B.B.C. since December have raised six million pennies, about £25,000.

THE Argentine Government has forbidden for ten years the hunting of condors and certain other birds and wild animals of the Andes. The condor is the biggest American vulture, having a wing-span of eight feet.

Paderewski, the great pianist who became Premier of Poland in 1919, has died in New York at 80.

Dumbartonshire school children who go to air-raid shelters during an alert are provided with boiled sweets free.

OSWALDTWISTLE is raising 14,000 onions, 6000 leeks, and 4000 cabbage plants in its little park to sell to the public.

Since the war started over four million acres of grass land have been ploughed up.

Sheffield University Students, by a secret ballot, are two to one in favour of the Government calling up students.

MANCHESTER'S four British Restaurants are breaking all records; 91,856 meals were served in them in one month as against 13,893 in the opening month.

The Island of Uist in the Hebrides has lost its oldest inhabitant at the age of 101; he never left the island.

Mr Newton Johnson, the London Missionary Society's accountant who is retiring after 47 years, sat as a small boy on the knee of Robert Moffat.

## Guide and Scout News Reel

SOME Bloxwich (Staffordshire) Cubs have adopted a wolf cub in a local zoo; the boys have named him To-To and visit him regularly.

The 8th Dudley Scout Group has increased from 8 members to 60 since last September, and many of the boys are doing National Service.

The 1st Ashton Scout Troop is cooperating with the local Council in compiling lists of surplus clothing and furniture suitable for the use of evacuees.

NEWCASTLE Scouts have maintained a regular messenger service—ten at one of the hospitals and four at each of the City's 24 Rest Centres.

Rhoda Cochrane of the 1st North Sunderland Guides rescued a boy from drowning in a harbour; she receives the Certificate of Merit.

The Dionne quintuplets have joined the Girl Guides, and will form a Brownie pack with their teacher as instructor.

THE Guide Silver Cross has been awarded to Miss Frieda Wendt, Captain of the 6th Rotherhithe Guides, for gallant conduct while evacuating women and children during a raid.



## THE AFRICAN VILLAGE AND ITS GARDENS

### Burning Up the Earth to Grow Food

AFRICA as well as Britain is discovering the importance of the land in these days. The African, too, is gradually realising that a bit of land well tilled is better than a great area badly tilled.

All over Central Africa there is a bad system of gardening which has grown up through centuries of tribal life and custom; it consists in burning the trees and brushwood over a wide area and letting the ashes settle into the soil and so providing a very fertile top soil.

Charles Lamb's Chinaman burned down his house to roast a pig; Africa's village gardeners burn up the earth to grow a dinner.

In the fertile top soil the villager is able to grow fine crops of millet and maize, but after a few years he discovers that the crops are not so good, and begins to wonder why. The Chief calls together his elders and they decide to burn another area farther from the village, and this new area lasts for a few more years until the villagers complain that it is a long way to go to their gardens. Then the elders decide to move the village to an untouched area miles away, and the process of burning begins again, so that gradually in the track of these villages is a trail of black, burnt desert country on which nothing can live.

So wide tracts of Central Africa are becoming desert and uninhabitable because of the lack of understanding of a few simple facts about the necessity for digging, manuring, and rotation of crops. This ignorance of the African native astounded a young farmer-missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society to Senga in Rhodesia a few years ago. He began to teach the boys in his boarding-school how to be good gardeners. They had their gardens in a prominent position by the roadside so all the people in the village could come and see what they were doing. The people were astonished to see that no trees were burnt down, and that almost miraculously out of the soil grew vegetables and fruits that they had never seen before—bananas, mangoes, and citrus.

Custom and tradition have been hard to break down, but the practical demonstration of good gardening has done more than anything else to convince the African of the wisdom of the new plan. Cassava was introduced as a root crop which can produce a great quantity of flour even in times of drought and locusts. One cassava plant produced as much as two pounds of flour from its root. Now the school has 2420 plants an acre, calculated to produce a ton of food. The effect of new and better foods on the physique of the boys has been very noticeable.

The success of this intensive gardening has been so striking that the Senga School has now been adopted by the Government of Northern Rhodesia as a training centre for African teachers of agriculture who will spread the new methods into the villages and convince the African that he can get more out of two acres by the new methods than out of fifty acres by the old way.

## Good Old Man of Spurgeon's Tabernacle

SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE, in ruin for the second time in our memory, has been the scene of a unique congregation which met in the ruins the other Sunday, the minister conducting the service as usual. It happened that the first member to be enrolled in Spurgeon's Church was present, aged 92. He heard Spurgeon's first sermon and had been to most of the services in both tabernacles.

This great tabernacle had been rebuilt on the ashes of the old one burnt down at the end of the last century. It was the gathering-place of the greatest religious congregations ever known in England, 7000 every Sunday. There never was another minister like Spurgeon, who

preached to 20,000 at the Agricultural Hall, 24,000 at the Crystal Palace, and drew to this tabernacle the fashionable and intellectual people of the time. His opening services were the astonishment of London, and even today his audiences and collections would be the envy of any cinema in the land. He raised the fund for his tabernacle in a month, £1000 a day.

For five weeks the opening services lasted, and from early morning to late at night the crowd sat in the pews. Thousands spent a whole day at the tabernacle during those weeks, and it was no uncommon sight to see a group of women with a spirit lamp and a kettle making tea in the pews.

## THINGS SEEN

Thirty Manchester firemen darning hose pipes.

A woman porter at a Manchester station taking charge of a parcel with which a poor male was staggering.

A diamond brooch in the collection-box of Middlesex Hospital.

An M.P. scything the grass in Parliament Square.

## The Robins of Dorset

A lady in Dorsetshire found that two robins had built their nest under the dashboard of her car.

The birds did their best not to be annoyed when the car was taken out, but when eggs appeared the lady surrendered the car for the time being to the needs of the small tenants. In due course she took them out for a spin and found the young robins able to fly on their own.



## The Electron Microscope

WONDERS have been told to us about the new electron microscope, which magnifies 100,000 times compared with the 2000 or 3000 times of the best ordinary microscopes; but till lately the ordinary person had as little expectation of looking through one as of scanning the skies through the big telescopes of California. The first two or three electron microscopes filled a good-sized room, weighed 700 pounds, cost £3500, and required special training as well as an electrical engineer to work them. That is now being rapidly altered. There are electron microscopes

on the market which, though still seven feet tall and weighing 500 pounds, are within the means of most scientific laboratories. They do not need an electrical engineer to sustain the supply of electrons, but can be plugged into the ordinary electric power main. In return for this they will produce a photograph of a germ or a virus particle, magnified 30,000 times, in 20 seconds, and 150 such pictures can be made in a day.

They may prove indispensable instruments for fighting some of the most persistent ills of mankind.

## BUNNY IN THE BLITZ

*Here is another story of the Clyde-side Blitz, sent to us by a C N reader.*

In the middle of a particularly fierce bombardment several frightened families bombed out of their homes crept into a public shelter, creating a mild sensation as they did so.

They were rabbits, and bombs had evidently dropped in fields near them. The wild things covered along one of the walls and soon made themselves at home there.

## NATURE, THE INVISIBLE TAILOR

People returning to houses from which danger had driven them have been astounded at the almost incredible growth on their paths, walls, and crazy pavements of weeds, lichen, moss, and flowers from wind-blown seeds.

Nature, the invisible clothier, is clothing with her own coupon-less raiment the places left untended by human hands. Her purpose is to robe all the earth in green, not denying even the waters of rivers, ponds, and lakes their natural coloured vestment.

She has her own branch of activity for stones and rocks and walls, and in this country we have nearly 2000 plants, mostly mosses and marvellously tinted lichens, that grow nowhere but on such sites. The green growths that clothe the stones and walls of our gardens are the pioneers of Nature's colonising agents, whose purpose is to make the world verdant, like William Blake's green and pleasant land.

## ANY OLD CLOTHES?

Workshop College, Notts, has hit on a novel idea to help boys to keep neat and tidy in spite of coupons. In the first place, Sunday suits will cease to be compulsory. In the second place, boys will be invited to bring in the clothes they have outgrown and the school will pay for them what they are worth. Then they will be sent to be cleaned and repaired, and put in the school second-hand shop, to be sold to smaller boys.

## THE GREAT COATS

Although it was quite a hot afternoon in New York not long ago all the guests at a garden party in aid of the British War Relief Society took with them their overcoats. They had to, for the overcoat served as an admission ticket!

The coats were sent to England to be used by men over military age who patrol the roads at night.

## Story

The blue heron is one of the shyest of birds, which makes this little story (told the other day by Professor Maser of Rollins College, Florida) all the more remarkable.

The professor and a friend were strolling along the shores of Lake Virginia near the college when they noticed a blue heron circling slowly over their heads. It came lower and lower, swooped down awkwardly, and landed at their feet.

The two men looked at their unusual visitor with astonishment. They noticed that it was standing on one leg, and swaying from side to side. It was staring intently at the ground, and, bending down, they saw that a long sharp hook was sticking into one of its legs, which was tied up with some fishing tackle. These birds live on fish, and apparently it had dived straight into a net full of tackle and caught one leg in it.

The heron looked at the two men. It did not move when they touched the injured limb. When they pulled out the hook with a pair of wire cutters it trembled with fright, but seemed to trust them. When the leg was free again it walked shakily to a boathouse and stayed there while its friends brought food; then it flew off.

## TRICKING A FISH

There is an old saying that there are more ways than one of killing a cat. It looks as if there are more ways than one of catching a trout. The elegant way is, of course, with rod and line. The naughty boy and the poacher catch them in shallow water by tickling them. The latest way, coming from America, is to trawl the trout stream with a wire net charged with electricity from a motor-driven dynamo on the river bank. Two men wearing rubber gloves drag the net up and down the stream, while a third picks the electrified fish out of it.

## DOWN TO EARTH

Near London is a fighter station of the R A F where ten acres of what would have been waste land are producing crops of vegetables as a result of the gardening activities of the air-men. Already the Air Force men have raised about 2500 tomato plants, 5000 cabbages, 2000 brussels sprouts, 30,000 lettuces, and carrots by the tens of thousands. Acres of beans and potatoes and half an acre of onions are giving promise of excellent crops, and it is good to see that the R A F is as successful when it comes down to earth as up in the sky.

## MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

Could our ancestors live their days again they would reaffirm that the stars sing in their orbit, that "there's not the smallest orb... but in his motion like an angel sings."

In defended areas the night is full of a curious singing from the skies. When the wind stirs there is a shrilling chorus, from a multitude of one-stringed lyres, the steel cables of the barrage balloons. This music seems to fill the world, harmonised as the notes vibrated from cables of varying wave-lengths blend.

## Alas, Poor Minnie!

MINNIE was the first ashore when the good ship Sydney made its triumphal arrival at an Australian port not long ago. She was only an ordinary black cat, but had been a great favourite since she jumped aboard the ship from a tanker in Alexandria. She saw action with the ship in the Mediterranean, and the crew came to know that when Minnie slunk into the sick bay it meant that she heard planes. She would not be seen again until the All Clear had sounded.

The only other pets aboard the ship were canaries, and these

Minnie never molested, though they were always kept far from her reach, just in case.

Minnie had not been on board long before she produced five grey and black kittens, which were all christened Minnie in true naval tradition; and so there was great consternation when Minnie did not turn up in time to catch the ship. They sent a telegram on arriving in Sydney asking that a search be made for her in the port. Has anyone seen Minnie? the cry went round, and a few days later it was learnt that Minnie had died in a shed on the waterfront.

## PEOPLING A DROP OF WATER

Most of us have received instructions what to do should our drinking water be affected by enemy action, and the knowledge so communicated makes us realise with renewed wonder the purity of the water supply secured to us every day. In a cubic centimetre of water there may be 200 microscopic organisms, which if left undisturbed would number 5000 at the end of 24 hours, and would, if given space and nutrient enough, in three days and nights total thousands of billions and weigh thousands of tons.

## A RIVAL OF KING RADIUM

A blow to the unique position held for so long by radium has been given by its rival called mesothorium. The life of mesothorium is short, falling by half in a few years, while radium falls by half in 2000, but its efficiency in making luminous paints and for many other purposes, and its very much lower cost, brought it into extensive use twenty years ago. Today mesothorium has proved so valuable in many fields that its price has risen almost to that of the king of elements, radium itself.

Rays emanating from it cause substances like zinc sulphide crystals to glow in the dark with great brilliance, and with a mixture of the two are made paints enabling the airman to watch his dials in the dark or the soldier to see his gun-sights or his watch. For the time being King Mesothorium is on the throne.

## ALL THEIR OWN WORK

Bury, Lancashire, A F S men who undertook duty in heavily blitzed areas in the North-West found that they were handicapped by the lack of a mobile canteen. They did not appeal for help but set to work on a decrepit second-hand motor-bus which had been sent to the scrap heap, and converted it into one of the best-equipped canteens in the country. As the little boy in the story says, it is all their own work.

## ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT

We hear that during an air attack on a Yorkshire town a boy lost his life while saving his dog. He was out of doors when two landmines fell within a few yards of him. He saw them coming, pulled his dog to the shelter of a wall, and flung himself over his pet. The force of the explosions killed him instantly, but his dog was unharmed.



The Blacksmith Carries On

## TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Stars twinkle "like diamonds in the sky" because their pinpoint rays of light are broken up into colour by being cast hither and thither as they pass through differing strata of our atmosphere. But planets, which generally throw an unwinking light because their surfaces appear larger do twinkle sometimes.

Professor Minnaert of Utrecht observes that this occurs oftenest when Venus and Mercury present to us not a circle of lighted surface but a mere narrow crescent. Twinkling in general takes place with a low temperature, a low barometer, and high humidity. Strongest when planets appear near clouds, it occurs most often in the Northern sky.

## FROM HULL TO HULL

About 40 years ago the town of Hull in Quebec was destroyed by fire, and the people of Hull in England raised a relief fund. Now the English Hull has been damaged by fire and bomb, and the new Hull in Canada has come to the aid of those who helped them then.

## LITTLE CONVERSATION

It seems that distrust of one's fellow man is so universal in Japan that the following conversation was actually heard.

Where are you going? said Business Man Number One.

I am going to Kobe, said Business Man Number Two.

Ha! You liar! said Number One loudly. You told me you are going to Kobe to make me think you are going to Osaka, but I know you are going to Kobe!



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### AN OPPORTUNITY

THAT is a good idea that has come from Sutton Valence School in the hills of Kent—the idea that now we have hardly any unemployed the high rate of the insurance premium might well be reduced for both workers and employers.

The number of these small charges now made on all of us has become a real burden, and we feel sure that it would be a great relief if this suggestion could be adopted.

### Why Not an RAF Gallery?

WE have been looking at some of the portraits of RAF pilots that have been painted of late, and at other pictures of the RAF that are coming into existence.

It is good that our flying squadrons should love to have these paintings at their aerodromes, and we ourselves know of cases in which they have given great inspiration and delight to those few to whom so many owe so much.

But would it not be an admirable thing if all these pictures could be gathered together by some institution like the National Gallery and made the nucleus of an RAF exhibition during wartime?

It would be added to month by month, for many scenes and portraits are being painted, and would be a public tribute to these heroes of the sky, these Valiants of the Heavens, to whom the whole civilised world is thankful, but for whom we can do so little in their great hour.

### Do Ye Ken John Bull?

From far away in Texas a reader sends us this verse of a poem in a leading newspaper.

Do ye ken John Bull, with his clothes so red?  
Do ye ken John Bull, with his upflung head?  
Do ye ken John Bull, with no sign of dread?  
As he faces his fight in the morning?

### Can Folly Farther Go?

FIFTY thousand miners are officially begged, entreated, urged to volunteer! To volunteer for what? To return to their old work of coal-getting!

These men were allowed by the State and by their employers to leave their work to go to other occupations. They did not know, they were not told, that they would be sorely needed to get coal.

We do not pretend to know whose folly is responsible for this, but we do know that if such inexcusable errors are allowed to occur any folly is possible.

There are now only 690,000 miners in employment, and we are threatened with a winter coal famine.

*Could folly farther go than this great Coal Muddle which left many firesides fireless last winter and will do so next?*

### Not So Inefficient

MUCH is made in the gloomy newspapers about Germany's so-called efficiency. It seems to be forgotten that it is not so very long since that "Made in Germany" meant poorly made. The argument is chiefly used, however, to point out our own inefficiency.

We wonder if the Germans could have beaten a feat done after a serious air attack on our North-West. A hospital was urgently needed, and someone thought of a hotel about 20 miles away. In less than 40 hours the hotel was changed from its peacetime purpose into a well-equipped hospital complete with doctors and nurses; and in less than 48 hours four newly-born babies were proclaiming loudly that they had arrived and insisted on being heard.

### JUST AN IDEA

*It is impossible to estimate how many millions of pounds would be saved if every weaver of shoe leather would lengthen his stride by even a few inches.*

## Under the Editor's Table

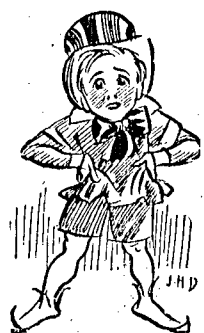
PADDINGTON has been collecting old keys for salvage. They may turn things in our favour.

THE young officer who says his policy is neck or nothing evidently believes in the old school tie.

GARDENING books should be written in a simple style, says a critic. We thought they might be flowery.

AMERICAN grandmothers are going to school to learn how to bring up children. So that they won't try to bring up their grandmothers?

### Peter Puck Wants to Know



If judges are now taking short long vacations

A MAN complained because his month's jam ration went in a week. He was full of it.

CONTRABAND gangs are making fortunes overnight. And underhand.

THERE is more eating out in London than there used to be. And less to take in.

IN clothes-rationing there are some crying scandals. And some howling successes.

It is time the railway companies woke up. But they will always have sleepers.

## To House-Painters & BLACKSMITHS' SONS

ONCE more we have received a note in our postbag asking us not to be unkind to house-painters and blacksmiths.

We hasten to assure them that we think them among the finest fellows in the world, for one is always brightening up our homes and one is carrying on an ancient craft that has given the world some of its most beautiful things.

But it seems that the C N has from time to time spoken slightly of the house-painter Hitler and the blacksmith's son Mussolini, and it has been imagined that we are scorning honest labour. Nothing can be more untrue, for the C N believes that work is the noblest thing of all, and that if it is well done it matters little what it is. It is only when the house-painter runs away from his work and tries to dominate the world, or the blacksmith's son runs like a jackal after him, that it seems worth while to remind them of the blessing of humility, and we apologise if our doing this has at times hurt the feelings of all those painters and blacksmiths' sons into whose homes the C N comes. We love them all.

## REFUGEES

By Our Country Girl

THE earth once firm beneath our feet

Is firm no more.

It quakes and trembles like a sea That has no shore.

The house that was our shelter once

From rain or heat

Is rubble dust, where not a mouse

Could find retreat.

Our daily work, our daily bread, Are struck away:

The clock is gone that ruled our lives

For toil and play.

With anguished eyes men search the world

And search in vain

To find some stronghold, and to feel

Firm ground again:

Until we look within; and then, Strong, safe, and whole,

We find the fortress none can take—

A man's free soul.

## Proverbs Upset

THE Government order concerning Summer Time not only reforms our national habits by decree but throws some of our most cherished proverbs out of gear.

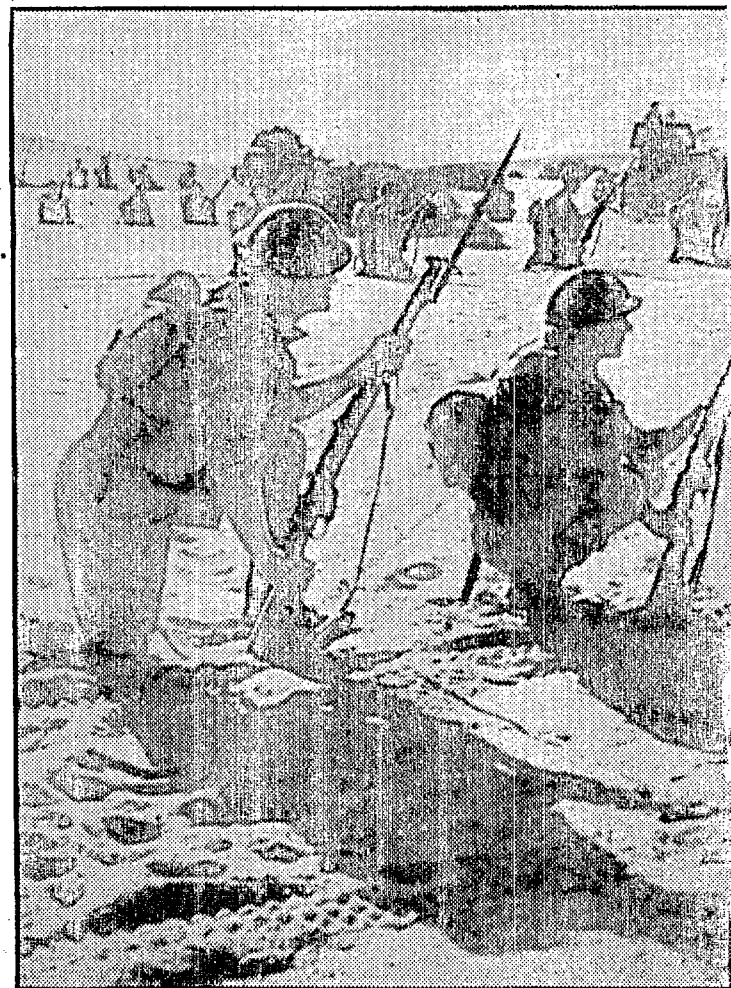
Thus "Rain before seven, fine before eleven" does not sound the same if we say "Rain before nine, fine before one."

However, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," should hold good. As a nation we are surely more healthy and more wealthy in everything that matters. We are, moreover, having a good deal of unwisdom knocked out of us.

## FORWARD.

No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God.

Jesus



Men of the Australian forces waiting to a

## Life on the Green Belt

London's Green Belt, that almost complete ring of verdure around the Metropolis which has been saved by public effort from the inroads of the devouring speculative builder, is to prove of special value to the children of London in wartime.

The lot of children immured night after night in London shelters is always sad, and sometimes terrible. These little ones represent the near future of our land, which consists not of territory but of the youth of today grown up—of people whose lives began in intolerable conditions, ruinous alike to body and mind.

Let us welcome, therefore, the news that Green Belt Picnics are to be organised at weekends to give shelter children the joy of fresh air, and what may be of sunshine, at the nearest available point in the verdure of the London ring garden. It is a happy idea. We are to picture, for example, East End children taken to the loveliness of Epping Forest, under voluntary escort, with proper provision of sleeping accommodation, good food, and the materials of games.

## THE TRUE STORY OF Topsy the Chick

A pair of pheasants selected a site for their nest in an orchard about thirty yards from a farmhouse at Steeple Bumpstead, in Essex. A hen belonging to the farm took a fancy to the nest and left a donation of one egg. In due time young pheasants were hatched, with the chick from the hen's egg.

As the brood began to run about the parents took them away, leaving the chick behind.

## The Virgin Islands

AMERICA, in pursuing her policy against the Nazis, has decided to fortify the Virgin Islands, the last piece of territory she acquired, having bought them from Denmark in 1917 for 25 million dollars.

Known as St Thomas, St Croix, and St John, they are part of that mountainous group of a hundred islands in the West Indies which we call the Leeward Islands. America had already acquired two (Culebra and Crab) from Spain at the close of war with that country in 1898; the others belong to us.

The total area of the American group (which also includes some tiny uninhabited islands) is 133 square miles, the population of 85,000 being mostly Negroes. In 1927 the American Congress granted the natives their much-prized citizenship, and nine years later universal suffrage was given to all who could read and write English.

The capital is Charlotte Amalie, a good harbour on St Thomas and about 70 miles from San Juan, the capital of America's big and populous island of Puerto Rico. America has spent over a million pounds on the Virgin Islands to help the local

## The Soil of

"HERE in Australia we have laid waste our forests, wastefully mined our coal, and over-stocked our grasslands," said the Bishop of Goulburn, very sadly, the other day.

"We have aided the dread monster of soil erosion and taken away the barriers that held back our central desert," he went on. "We have exploited the earth and all that is in it and on it,





tack in manoeuvres in the Western Desert

## Islands Come e Fight

Parliament in paying for hospitals, public works, and schools (at which attendance is compulsory); but so much progress has been made that the annual payments have grown less and less.

The raw sugar output of the islands now averages 5000 tons a year, or as much as her own laws permit to be imported into America from this little colony. On the other hand, it is to be regretted that the repeal of Prohibition encouraged the Government to produce rum on a large scale, 5000 acres of sugar-cane and two mills supplying its rum distillery.

Another sort of rum, however, comes from St Thomas, the bay rum which is sometimes used for the hair and sometimes to cure a headache. The main source of this is the bay tree which grows in profusion on St John, oil being obtained from its leaves and mixed with alcohol, water, and a little oil to provide the characteristic flavour of the barber's shop.

The new naval and air bases now to be established will mean more prosperity to the natives, and one result will be to secure the safety of the Panama Canal.

## Australia

and we have not yet made any worthy and sustained effort to stay the ravages of our destructive hands."

And so it is good news to hear that Australia's first soil conservation and erosion research station has been opened in Cowra, New South Wales. Covering about 250 acres, it has all the latest equipment for studying this serious problem.

## The Currents High Above Us

Round the globe at varying heights above it circle without ceasing night and day, electric currents vaster than any Gulf Stream, or icy flow from Labrador that we know. They rise or fall as the Earth turns its blind side to the Sun, or as the spots and eruptions on the Sun wax and wane.

It is highly important for our better knowledge of Earth electricity and magnetism that we should learn more of the heights and depths and intensities of these flows, and this is being done by the help of the wireless beams which without them could not travel round the earth's curves. Every day and all day the Carnegie Institute scientists shoot short radio waves into the sky and time their reflections from these electrified layers, and they have learnt the heights of three, 68 miles, 140, and 218 miles.

## NOW CANNED TROUT

Encouraged by the success of the perch fishery of Lake Windermere, the Yorkshire Fishery Board would like to try canned trout. There are many hatcheries all over the country which are at present disused; these could be well stocked with trout.

The idea is to use the fish when they are one year old instead of two. These little fish would be the right size for canning, and would make a nourishing dish. There would have to be an order permitting yearling fish to be taken from the hatchery, which should not be hard to obtain in wartime, and as trout are exceedingly prolific a very useful fish reserve could soon be built up.

## THE RIGHT TO BE CHEERFUL

I HAVE in my lifetime passed from an era of peace through various unsettled stages into a world which, in Sir Thomas More's phrase, is "ruffled and fallen into a wildness," but I retain enough of the disengagement of the earlier world to refuse to surrender my right to cheerfulness.

I was brought up in times when one was not ashamed to be happy, and I have never learned the art of discontent. I preserve my devotion to things "afar from the sphere of our sorrow." It seems to me that those who loudly proclaim their disenchantment with life have never been really enchanted by it. Their complaints about the low levels they dwell in ring hollow, for they have not known the uplands. I cannot recover the vigour of youth for my limbs, but through memory I can recapture something of its ardour for my mind.

John Buchan in Memory-Hold-the-Door

## ISAAC GREENTREES

BENE TH these green trees rising to the skies,  
The planter of them, Isaac Greentrees, lies;  
The time shall come when these green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentrees rise above them all. Epitaph at Harrow

## An Apple and a Man

As an apple is not in any proper sense an apple until it is ripe, so a human being is not in any proper sense a human being until he is educated.

Horace Mann

## CONSOLATION

THOUGH loved ones lie in cold and silent sleep,  
We know that they have only gone before,  
And we and they eternal vigil keep—  
And when at eventide we kneel and pray,  
We seem to feel their presence very near,  
And all our doubts and fears are swept away.  
Sweet memories that fail not with the years  
Though sunsets fade, and moons do wax and wane,  
Yet still the day-star of our Faith appears.

Mona O. Wallace

## A Poet's Prayer For His Country

WHERE the mind is without fear  
and the head is held high;  
where knowledge is free; where  
the world has not been broken  
by narrow domestic walls;  
where words come out from the depth  
of truth; where tireless striving  
stretches its arms towards perfection;  
where the clear stream of reason  
has not lost its way  
in the dreary desert sand of dead habit;  
where the mind is led forward  
by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of Freedom,  
my Father, let my country awake.

Rabindranath Tagore

## PARLIAMENT

THE House of Commons is, in my opinion, the greatest of human institutions. The House of Commons has made us what we are, and has kept for us our place among the first nations of the world. Joseph Chamberlain



CARLYLE

# CARRY ON

## THERE IS NO DEATH

THERE is no death! The stars  
go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we  
tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves  
may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away:  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth;

And all things that for growth of joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

The voice of bird-like melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

They are not dead! They have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;  
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

J. L. McCreery

## Blessed is He Who Works

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou

valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fate, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

Thomas Carlyle

## NEVER

THE people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. Edmund Burke

## Ill Fares the Land

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Oliver Goldsmith

## LITTLENESS OF SOUL

ENVY is a littleness of soul, which cannot see beyond a certain point, and, if it does not occupy the whole space, feels itself excluded.

Hazlitt

## Turn Not Aside, O Traveller

TURN not aside, O traveller,  
From the long road through the night  
To the calm and certain comfort  
Of the flickering warm firelight.  
Turn not aside, O soldier,  
From the bitter near-lost strife.  
For peace incomprehensible  
Awaits you after life.

John Boughiey

## AS GOD MADE HIM

Every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse. Cervantes



A head of Britannia by Mr Charles James Pibworth, with St George and the Dragon as a helmet crest



## Martin Schwartz and His Men

### THE LAST GERMAN INVASION— AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN

WE do not know what sort of man Hitler has appointed to be King of England, whether the "bloodthirsty guttersnipe" will take the crown himself or give it to his jackal as a consolation prize.

We do know, however, that the last time the Germans came to England it was to put a kitchen scullion on the throne, and that none of the thousands of Germans lived to see their native land again. It is a strange tale, into which comes this refrain:

*Martin Swart and his men, sodledum sodledum dum,  
Martin Swart and his men, sodledum sodledum bell.*

You may not know this rhyme, but well might we make it the marching song of the Army today; for it was the song sung after the last German invasion of the Island, when not one man went back from the invasion.

Martin and his men were the last German army to fight its way into England, *every man of them to perish by the sword.*

The refrain has come down to us in much the same way as many other popular songs of the days before printing, through quotation in another work, and it is as tantalising as similar examples found in Shakespeare, usually uttered by such fools or idiots as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. To such base uses come the popular songs of a country, though they must often have deserved a worthier fate.

#### One Summer's Day

There was the confident gaiety of a task well and finally accomplished in the origin of this song, as we can glean from the verses written by John Skelton, our first Poet Laureate.

*Wyth, Hey trolly, loly, lo, whip  
her Jak.*

*Alumbek sodyldym syllorym ben,  
Curyowsly he can both counter  
and knak*

*Of Martin Swart and all his  
mery men*

*Against a comely Coystrowne.*

These old English syllables echoed to the clash of steel in the desperate fight which occurred one summer's day in 1487. It was the day of death to the German invaders and to the Irish who had joined their ranks in hope of loot, as well as to those English leaders who had sought German help to drive Harry of Richmond into exile again; but it was also a day of farce, as every schoolboy will remember when we murmur the name of Lambert Simnel, though he may have forgotten the German and Irish men-at-arms.

For Lambert Simnel was, of course, the scullion who would be crowned king but was sent to wash dishes in the palace he hoped to own. Coystrowne in the song means kitchen knave.

#### A Dark Plot

Simnel was actually the son of an organ-builder, and was introduced by a priest to these Yorkist leaders who questioned the right of Henry the Seventh to the throne. They sent him to Oxford to be educated for his throne, and took the business with terrible seriousness. There was also another rival to Henry lying in the Tower, Edward of Warwick, nephew of Richard the Third; and seated at Henry's own Council Table was John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln,

another nephew of Richard, actually chosen by that monster to succeed him. But Henry the Seventh, relying on the support of Parliament and on his right of conquest, felt secure on his throne, and apparently had little suspicion of the dark plot being hatched against him.

#### German Mercenaries

It happened to suit the intrigues of continental monarchs to join in the plot, and so, in those days when armies could be hired like horses, 2000 German mercenaries were sent under the command of Martin Schwartz to support Lambert Simnel. As the Yorkists had a following in Ireland, where a roughly-clad and ill-armed band had been raised, it was in that unhappy island that the Germans landed on May 5, 1487. A week or two later Lambert Simnel was crowned by the Archbishop of Dublin, the crown being taken from an image of the Madonna in the cathedral. Lambert, the Earl of Lincoln, and Martin Schwartz with his merry men, at once set sail for Lancashire, the county which was still Yorkist in sympathy.

Meanwhile Henry the Seventh had realised what was afoot, but, confident in the support of Parliament, he marched to Kenilworth Castle and awaited events. When the news came that his rival had landed (on June 4) Henry marched to meet him, issuing instructions that his troops were to respect lives and property on the way.

#### A Desperate Contest

The Germans were very well equipped, and aimed at Newark Castle, a stronghold of the Bishop of Lincoln; but before reaching it the armies met at Stoke, where for three hours one of the most desperate contests our country has witnessed was fought to the last German and Irishman. Not one of the Germans lived to return to their own land, though it is recorded that they died fighting fiercely to the end, with a courage only equalled by the ragged Irish.

The Earl of Lincoln was slain on the field, but Simnel was carried captive to the delighted king, who thereupon condemned him to take his place in the royal kitchen as a scullion!

## FOOD TAKES THE PLACE OF THE WEATHER

### The New Subject of Conversation

Boy. How curious it is that everyone talks so much nowadays about food. It seems to take the place of the weather as a common subject of conversation.

Man. Well, if you come to think of it, food is all important. It is only the processes of trade which have created for Britain what is in peace a miracle, an abundant food supply always at our call. In war we find that food is not naturally abundant in our island, and that we have to ration a greatly reduced supply.

Boy. Has a food supply ever come to a nation as a matter of course?

Man. Never in the world's history. Even in bygone far-off days, when mere handfuls of men roamed over great tracts of country they had to give their minds mainly to the question of getting enough food, and when good weather failed them they perished from famine. Today, in such lands of great populations as India, Russia, and China, the dread famine is always lurking in men's minds.

Boy. Is that true also of animals?

Man. Only too true? Upon it rests the principal struggle for life, which is really a struggle for food. As a result of this struggle only the fittest survive—the fittest, that is, to meet the terrible difficulty of finding food for all. Many forms of life arose which preyed on other forms.

Boy. Yes, I ought to have remembered all that when I spoke of food. It seems so sad that while a tomtit has a dozen beautiful children nearly all of them perish because they cannot find food enough to keep alive.

Man. It is also sad to think of man as having to give up much of his time for finding food, especially when it entails the slaughtering of animals. Raising a crop is pleasurable, but breeding animals to be killed is a thing that often revolts the civilised mind. Probably it will some day be abandoned. But, whatever food we eat (except fish, the supply of which could not support the world's people), we must have land to raise it from.

Boy. So that the struggle for food is also a struggle for land?

Man. That is so, and the struggle for land has led to wars, ancient and modern. Today we see nations struggling for territory, forgetful of the plain fact that they could get most from the earth by agreement to use it fairly. As for our own case, you know what we did in this island home of ours.

Boy. Yes; we gave our minds to coal-getting, machine-making, manufacturing, and shipping, and let agriculture decline.

Man. That is the story in a nutshell. We did so well in that way for several generations, exchanging coal and goods for sea-borne food, that we accustomed ourselves to living largely on imported corn and on meat either imported or raised here by feeding animals on foreign fodder. Thus the peasant died out and we became a society of townsmen, whose children grew up hardly knowing where food came from, save that it was bought at a shop.

Boy. Are we going to alter that?

Man. Whether we like it or not, we shall be compelled to make our soil more fruitful, for not for ever will "new lands" be available to feed those who neglect the good earth of their own motherland.

## OUR SUN'S COLOSSAL RADIATION

### What is Gained and Lost From It

IN the early morning of Tuesday next, July 15, writes the C.N. astronomer, Mars will appear a little way below the Moon, in the southern sky. Except the Moon, Mars is now the nearest world to ours, about 68,000,000 miles away, and rapidly coming nearer at the rate of about half a million miles a day. He is therefore becoming much brighter and beginning to rival Jupiter, which may now be seen low down in the east, with Saturn, in the early dawn. Jupiter rises about 3.30 a.m. Summer Time, and Saturn about 40 minutes earlier, so between one and two hours before sunrise will be the best time to look for them and compare Jupiter with Mars.

Aldebaran is in the vicinity and its position relative to Jupiter and Saturn is indicated on our map. The crescent Moon will appear near Saturn on the morning of July 19, while it will appear between Saturn and Jupiter on the morning of July 20.

During the two hours of Summer Time we seem to see more of the Sun than ever, an experience very much to our advantage. To have

posed of every element that we know of, and possibly others besides, is pouring out energy that is continuous, with minor local fluctuations. This terrific heat radiation is combined with light and ever varying electro-magnetic radiations, and still more mysterious radio-active, ultra-violet, and infra-red emanations and radiations, impossible to measure, or estimate at their true value to us.

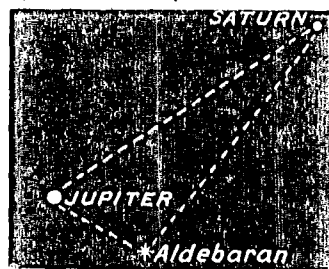
Let us try to measure this solar fuel which produces 80,000 horse-power for every square yard of the Sun's surface. Now, there are 3,097,600 square yards in a square mile, so let us call each square yard an electric furnace at a temperature of about 6000 degrees Centigrade. As there are 196,836,000 square miles covering our little Earth and the Sun's surface is about 12,000 times greater than the Earth's, we arrive at 2,362,032,000,000 square miles as covering the Sun. Multiplying this by 3,097,600 we get the number of 80,000 h.p. electric furnaces needed to pour out the equivalent of this terrific radiation of the Sun's actual substance into space.

Yet the Sun still remains apparently just the same colossal cauldron during our lifetime and, though it is actually losing about 250 million tons of itself every minute in radiation, appeared very much the same to our ancestors a million years ago.

The Earth as a whole receives only one part out of some 2200 millions of this outpouring of the Sun's energy and substance, worth upwards of £1000,000,000 a minute as electrical power at the rate of one penny per unit. Our stores of coal, petrol, and so on are but transitory "drops in the ocean" compared with this everlasting downpour of solar radiation.

Further, as the Sun shines on us individually we receive into ourselves a portion of the Sun, which is most beneficial and health-giving if taken under normal conditions.

Most wonderful of all is the fact that, from our point of view, the Sun is literally wasting away that we may live and build up our marvellous mentality, the Force which is unique in the Universe. G. F. M.



The relative positions of Jupiter, Saturn, and Aldebaran low in the Eastern sky in the early morning

Let so much of our Sun's most valuable radiation go to waste is one of the greatest mistakes of our much-vaunted civilisation, for the Sun is both life-giving and wealth-giving. With fresh air, the Sun's rays are our best stimulant, and one, fortunately, that does not need rationing, except in so far as we ration ourselves.

That colossal globe 2,680,000 miles in circumference and com-

## What is Happening in the Highlands?

LORD LOVAT has appealed to Parliament to save the Highlands from parting with their "greatest potential asset," water-power, to a company which will work it for profit. He says that he has all the Highlands at his back in resisting the Glen Affric Power Bill.

He submits that "the handing over of great national resources to private interests on any pretext, or the creation of a monopoly in favour of anybody but the State, is contrary to public policy and is in fact a betrayal of both the public and the State. He adds: "My county had hopes of harnessing its own water supply

and setting up small-scale industries in the villages and clachans for their own benefit. Let the Government think deeply before it makes a final decision; or are the young men who survive this war to return to find their gleens about to be submerged? For those returning what scope of employment will there be? It is in local industries on a small scale, run by our own water-power, that their best hope lies; in these are ensured the blessings that are now so sadly threatened—those of certain employment in known and loved surroundings and congenial companionship."

## BLIND AND HALF BLIND

WE have all been reading with admiration of the ways in which war-blinded heroes are being fitted for further service, not only in civil life but in delicate tasks for the furtherance of the Empire's war effort. The blind and the half-blind, of whom we hear so little, what heroes they are!

How many of us realise that the marvellous drawings in Alice in Wonderland were the work of a half-blind man? Sir John

Tenniel, the artist, had only the sight of one eye, yet for 40 years he drew the political cartoons for Punch, on which journal he had as chief artist-companion the famous George Du Maurier, who also was blind in one eye, and was losing the sight of the second when, to lessen the strain of drawing, he wrote his astonishingly successful novel, Trilby. Heroes and great gentlemen, both!



# THE GLORY OF A WORLD ON FIRE

## Treasures of Europe at the Mercy of the Bomb

No power of words can bring into the mind the vision of the glory that men have put into Europe, now at the mercy of the Bomb. There have always been men striving to give Europe some beautiful thing.

Never for long has the chain been broken. Here and there in the darkest ages some man faithful to mankind was copying a precious manuscript in his monastic cell; some good mason was chiselling a rough piece of marble until there grew out of it the face of a child; some humble artist was painting a picture on a church wall; some builder was shaping a pinnacle for a cathedral spire; some worker in wood or iron was making a little casket that we look at with wonder now.

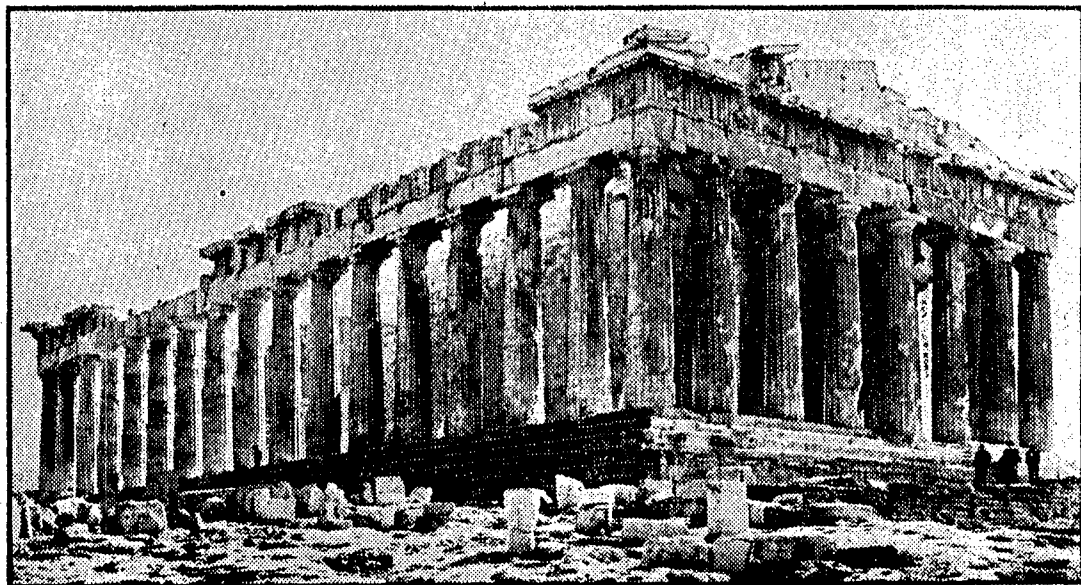
### The Nazi Beast of War

In times of peace we walk down a street in Florence and look up at a thing Michael Angelo put there. We walk through a country lane in England and peep through a hedge into gardens planted by John Evelyn. We go through a door in Rome and see the work that Raphael did, as fresh as if he had left it yesterday. We

steal quietly through the streets of Pisa and climb the tower Galileo climbed. We meet Augustus clad in his suit of mail as the artist must have seen him. We see Marcus Aurelius magnificent on his horse at the top of the Capitol Hill in Rome.

All these things are threatened by the Nazi Beast of War. So low have the new Barbarians fallen that they can drop bombs on museums as well as on hospitals and schools. Hitler, we may be sure, will loot such treasures of the Louvre as the Venus of Milo; but this great palace has an abundance of the masterpieces of the ancient world, and they may yet come into the battlefield when the time arrives for the Germans to be driven out of France.

There are 3000 ancient sculptures, 25,000 pictures, and many thousands of drawings by great artists of all nations. There are some of the best Raphaels in Europe, and Titians in abundance. There are six rooms full of antiquities from Assyria and Phoenicia, five rooms that speak to us of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, halls with relics of the Egypt of the Pharaohs.



The Glory of Athens—The Parthenon as it was restored in 1934

And there are little things in tens of thousands that are worth stopping to see. It will be a pity if a bomb should ever strike the figure of a boy and a goose which has come down to us through twenty centuries, or the precious silver plaque showing the holy women at the Sepulchre, made in repoussé work by some gentlewoman's hand at Saint Denis eight hundred years ago. It will be a pity, too, if the hand of War should fall on two little blue chapels in Europe. They are surely among the rarest places on the earth. One of them is Sainte-Chapelle, tucked away among the Paris Courts of Justice, where for at least six hundred years it has drawn within its doors those travellers who seek out quiet places, for it was set up by the good Saint Louis. The other little blue chapel is in Rome, and there lies Saint Cecilia, the wife of a Roman soldier in the days when Christianity was struggling to make its way in Europe.

Stripped of all the legend and fable that has grown about it, how wonderful Rome is! Somebody has said that the singing of nuns sounds like angels in the Eternal City, and it is true that life seems half a dream as we walk among its treasures of the past. Here are wonderful things drawn slowly along the road to Rome from cities conquered before the world had heard of Bethlehem. It is recorded that in the year 107 B.C. between two and three hundred wagon-loads of statues and pictures were taken to Rome, the spoils of seventy cities of Greece. Here is a wonderful group in marble of a father and his sons writhing in the grip of a snake—perhaps the most human picture ever fashioned in cold marble—and it was raised before the Cross was raised on Calvary.

It is terrible to think that destruction may await such matchless things.

### The Work of Generations

How many lives of men, how much planning and toiling and sacrifice have gone to the setting up of those sublime cathedral towers and fronts which never pass from the vision of the traveller who has seen them once? These mighty monuments, almost too wonderful for a busy age to understand, were

built up piece by piece and carved out inch by inch; one touch and then another till a man's life was done and another man took his place; one stone upon another till the topmost height was crowned.

The streets of Paris, the streets of Rome, the streets of Brussels, the streets of London, the streets of every capital of Europe, have in them, planted often in ages past, a touch of immortality; and in some tomorrow, should Hitler not be stopped in time, it may lie broken in the dust, one with the ruins of Greece and Rome. It is to a German soldier that the world owes the destruction of one of the noblest buildings ever set up in Europe—the Parthenon which crowned the Acropolis of Athens. But the Turkish Army stored its powder in the Parthenon, and a German officer fired a bomb which broke in two the architectural pride of Athens and the crowning splendour of the most famous hill in the history of civilisation.

### Belonging to All Time

Not to us alone, not to our day, but to time past and time to come do the world's treasures belong. The hand and soul and brain of a man that have hewn a piece of marble from a rock, and by years of loving labour have made it into something like a spoken thought, a piece of the mind of a man, a vision of humanity enduring after its maker has gone—are the glory of our race.

Everywhere, in all the ages of the world, men have sought to leave behind for us something we could look at, something it would lift up our hearts to see. We think of Nicholas Poussin of Normandy, who could live nowhere but in Rome, who gave his life to bring before our eyes the great figures of history and Greek mythology. He would study broken statues and pore over ruins to get the secret of their beauty; and carry it on as a mother carries on the breath of life; and he would pick up a handful of earth, with fragments of lime and grains of porphyry and marble, hand it to a Roman friend, and bid him, "Take this to your museum and say, This is ancient Rome."

So men have loved the past and saved it for us that we might love it too. They have built

windows of transparent stone, like the stone of which Nero built a temple, which had no windows yet was light as day. They have made cathedral gates which compel all men to stop and gaze upon them as they pass, like the gates of Ghiberti of which Michael Angelo said that they were fit to be the gates of heaven. They have translated into marble the joy and praise of the Psalms of David, as in the marvellous singing gallery of Luca della Robbia. They have given us quiet cloisters in cities, where men can put off the stress and strain of the working day and walk as in another world. They have built up temples and filled them with solemn splendour; have laid out gardens fit for an angel's feet to walk in.

It is for us to see that this Europe, with its treasure all untold, shall have another treasure yet. When the last sword has rusted in its sheath, and the last Nazi has perished amid the loathing of mankind, the music of the world will sound again, and it will sound the coming of the Day of Days when men shall throw down war for ever, and lay up for themselves the illimitable treasure of Peace.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Rock-a-By Lady

THE Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street Comes stealing, comes creeping;  
The poppies they hung from her head to her feet,  
And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet.  
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
When she findeth you sleeping.

THERE is one little dream of a beautiful drum,  
Rub-a-dub, it goeth;  
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,  
And, lo, thick and fast the other dreams come,  
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,  
And a trumpet that bloweth.

AND dollies peep out of those wee little dreams  
With laughter and singing;  
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,  
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,  
And up, up, and up, where the mother moon beams,  
The fairies go winging.

WOULD you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?  
They'll come to you sleeping.  
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,  
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hush-a-By Street,  
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,  
Comes stealing, comes creeping.  
Eugene Field



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Here are 13 kinds of houses used by different peoples. How many of them do you know? The list will be given next week.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"Just think of it! Soup, fish, meat and two vegetables, sweets, cheese, and coffee, and all for one shilling!" exclaimed Smith excitedly.

"You don't say so?" queried Brown. "And where can you get that marvellous value?"

"I don't know; but just think of it!" gasped Smith.

### All My Eye

WHEN we want to suggest that something is all nonsense, we say it is "All my eye."

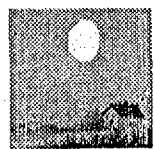
This is a shortened form of "All my eye and Betty Martin," and is said to have originated with a British sailor who, going into a foreign church and hearing someone pray in Latin, "Ah! mihi, beate Martiné," which means "Ah, grant me, Blessed Martin," said afterwards he could not make head or tail of what the worshipper said; it sounded like "All my eye and Betty Martin."

### Stiff

THERE was a stiff-necked giraffe whose throat was bound up with a staff; But he said, 'twixt his cries, "If their necks were my size They wouldn't just stand there and laugh!"

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; and in the morning Mars is in the south and Saturn and Jupiter are low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, July 14.



### Do You Live in Suffolk?

SUFFOLK was formerly spelt Suth-folk, and means South folk. It was originally the southern part of the kingdom of East Anglia, hence the name given to it by the North folk, the people of Norfolk.

### THE MISER AND THE MOUSE

A MISER in his chamber saw a mouse, And cried dismayed, "What dost thou in my house?" She, with a laugh, said, "Land-lord, have no fear, 'Tis not for board but lodging I came here."

### Some Common Proverbs in Uncommon Form

A ROTARY mineral is exempt from cryptogamous adherences. (A rolling stone gathers no moss.) Manifest a simultaneous benignity to the undersigned and his latrant familiar. (Love me, love my dog.)

Solitude exterminated the domestic analogy of the tiger. (Care killed a cat.)

Method is consecutive upon option. (Where there's a will there's a way.)

An opportune suture obviates the necessity of multifarious reparations. (A stitch in time saves nine.)

Desiccate your forage under the radiance of the empyrean. (Make hay while the sun shines.)

### Tongue-Twister

THOUGH the tough cough and hic-cough plough me through, O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

### SCRIPTURE CAKE

HAVE you ever tried the following recipe?

1. Half a pound of Judges 5, 25 (last clause).
2. Half a pound of Jeremiah 6, 20.
3. One tablespoonful of 1 Samuel 14, 25.
4. Three of Jeremiah 17, 11.
5. Half a pound of 1 Samuel 30, 12.
6. Half a pound of Nahum 3, 12 (chopped).
7. Two ounces of Numbers 17, 8 (blanched and chopped).
8. One pound of 1 Kings 4, 22.
9. Season to taste with 2 Chronicles 9, 9.
10. A pinch of Leviticus 2, 13.
11. One teaspoonful of Amos 4, 5.
12. Three tablespoonfuls of Judges 4, 19.

(Leaven is baking powder.)

Beat 1, 2, and 3 to a cream; add 4, one at a time, still beating. Then add 5, 6, and 7, beating again; add 8, 9, 10, and 11, having previously mixed them, and then add 12. Bake in a slow oven for two hours.

### How Wedgwood Wrote His Name

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, born at Burslem on July 12, 1730, worked all his life to make English pottery a success. He discovered how to make a beautiful ware superior to the Dutch china from Delft,

*Jos. Wedgwood*

and presented a new industry and great prosperity to the people of Staffordshire. Only the finest designs would content Wedgwood, and he it was who discovered the decorative genius of John Flaxman.

### A Fly in the Eye

FEW small accidents are more annoying than when a fly or a piece of grit gets into the eye. Sometimes the foreign body can be removed by a second person using the twisted corner of a handkerchief.

Where this fails, an almost certain remedy will be found in bathing the eye with milk. Apply the milk freely, and, as it is somewhat sticky, it will be sure to draw out the offending object sooner or later. The milk has a soothing effect on the eye as a whole and prevents inflammation.

### TIME TO RISE

TEACHER: "And why should we endeavour to rise by our own efforts?"

Johnnie Wise: "Because there's no telling when the alarm clock will go wrong."

### A Very Old Riddle

More than a thousand years ago Archbishop Damoeta of Mainz sent a gift to Alcuin, a famous poet monk, which Alcuin acknowledged in this quaint old riddle.

A BEAST has sudden crept into my house,

A beast of wonder, who two heads has got,

And yet the beast has only one jawbone.

Twice three times ten of horrid teeth it has.

Its food grows always on this body of mine;

Not flesh, not fruit. It eats not with its teeth,

It drinks not. Its open mouth shows no decay.

Tell me, Damoeta dear, what beast is this?

What was it the archbishop sent to Alcuin?

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Zoo Animals to Feed.

Bear, monkey, rabbit.

Topsy-Turvy Arithmetic. XIX-I=XX.

### Ici on Parle Français

#### By Their Fruits

16. Vous les reconnaîtrez à leurs fruits. Cueille-t-on des raisins sur des épinées, ou des figues sur des chardons?

17. Tout bon arbre porte de bons fruits, mais le mauvais arbre porte de mauvais fruits.

18. Un bon arbre ne peut porter de mauvais fruits, ni un mauvais arbre porter de bons fruits.

19. Tout arbre qui ne porte pas de bons est coupé et jeté au feu.

20. C'est donc à leurs fruits que vous les reconnaîtrez.

From Matthew VII

### Jacko Feels the Heat



WHIEW! It was hot. Jacko said he'd like a shower-bath. He couldn't get one in the house, so he found a gimlet and bored a few holes in the water-butt—and made himself a beauty! Father was not amused.

### Can You Say Los Angeles?

THE lady would remind you, please,

Her name is not Los Angie Lees, Nor Angie anything whatever. She hopes her friends will be so clever

To share her fit historic pride; The g shall not be jellified.

O long, g hard, and rhyme with "Yes."

That's all about Loce Ang-el-ess.

### DCL and LSD

A distinguished officer who was compelled to decline the honorary degree of DCL at Oxford, because of the heavy fees that were formerly demanded, wrote this verse:

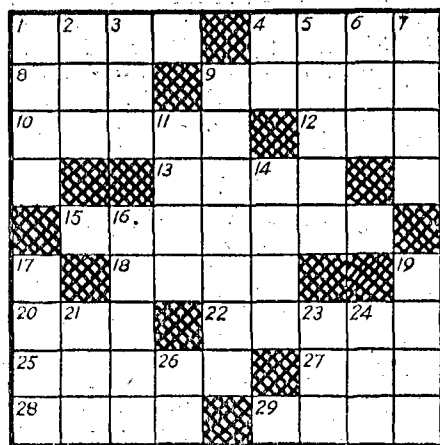
OXFORD, no doubt you wish me well,

But, prithee, let me be,

I can't, alas, be a DCL,

Because of LSD.

### Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1 Trouble-some insect these evenings. 4—put. 8 A rank. 9 A platform. 10 A young night bird. 12 To join materials with stitches. 13 Fruit of the beech. 15 Swallows do this. 18 A song. 20 Donkey. 22 The path of a planet through space. 25 A kind of glossy silk cloth. 27 A unit. 29 This word means that something deleted should after all remain. 29 A ship's company.

Reading Down. 1 To become bigger and stronger. 2 The present. 3 A shoemaker's instrument. 4 Saint. 5 The perception of flavour. 6 The latter part of life. 7 Trees frequently found in churchyards. 9 Where trains stop. 11 A Mohammedan chief. 14 A heavenly body. 16 To bring to desolation. 17 A way between two mountains. 19 To boil food slowly. 21 Rested on a seat. 23 To prevent. 24 Solid water. 26 A pronoun.

Asterisk indicates abbreviation. Answer next week